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COPET, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA,

THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME DE STAEL.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the environs of Geneva, or more magnificent than the prospect which it enjoys. Around it are numbers of enchanting walks, in every direction. Within the city, the principal promenades are, the Treille, a sort of terrace, the bastions, and the Place de St. Antoine, which commands an extensive view of the Lake, including Nyon, Morges, and Copet, the favoured retreat of that eminent financier, Mons. Necker, and of his illustrious daughter, Mad. de Staël. The Lake is here, too, particularly beautiful; and Mont Blanc's venerable head of snow forms a fine feature in the landscape. At a little distance to the west, is Fernay, the seat of residence of Voltaire.*

Mons. Necker, being Comptroller-general to Louis XVI., was regarded by the court party as a spy on their conduct, and, in July 1790, dismissed from his office; but, being then in the height of his popularity, the strong voice of the public procured his immediate recall. His talents, however, were not suited to scenes of commotion which then existed, and, ere

long, he became the object of the hatred of that people by whom he had been almost adored. He took his departure from France, and retired to Copet, where he chiefly devoted himself to literary pursuits: his death took place here in 1804.

Mad. de Staël, the most celebrated female writer of her day, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. At the age of fifteen she was capable of discoursing with her father on the most serious and important subjects; theatrical compositions particularly interested her; and, before she was twenty, she wrote a comedy in three acts, entitled "Sophie, ou les Sentiments Secrets;" and the year following she produced a tragedy, on the story of Lady Jane Grey. In 1786, she was married to the Baron de Staël Holstein, the Swedish ambassador, through the patronage of the Queen of France. Her "Lettres sur J. J. Rousseau," soon after appeared. But the state of national affairs at this period, rendered all other subjects subordinate to politics, at least in France. When M. Necker left Paris, Mad. de Staël followed him in his retreat to Copet; but she revisited France in 1792, when she endeavoured

* Vide page 248.

to save some of the victims of revolutionary fury. She returned to Switzerland, and subsequently came to England, where she heard of the execution of Louis XVI. She immediately rejoined her father, and published an elegant discourse, entitled, "*Défense de la Reine.*" Under the government of the Directory she again returned to France, where, through her influence with Barras, she was the means of procuring the elevation of her friend Talleyrand to the post of minister of foreign affairs. In December 1797, she, for the first time, saw Buonaparte, and the admiration with which she had regarded the conqueror of Italy, was succeeded by a sentiment bordering on aversion, which appears to have been mutual. She continued in France, until her presence created the displeasure of Buonaparte, and then went to reside with her father. During her journey to Copet she lost her husband. Mad. de Stael remained about twelve months in her retreat, and composed at that time the romance of "*Delphine*," which was not published till 1803. She returned to Paris; but this work, and a tract entitled "*Les Dernières Vues de Politique et de France*," published by M. Neckar, had given so much offence to Buonaparte, that he banished Madame de Stael from his territories, at the close of the year 1803. She was consequently obliged to leave her father, whom she never after saw. After visiting Germany and Italy, she returned to Copet in 1805. In 1807, appeared her "*Corinne*." In this retirement, she was visited by a young French officer, M. de Rocca, whom she afterwards married, and by whom she had a son; but the union was kept a secret till after her death. After visiting England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden, where she was received with enthusiasm; on the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, she retired to Copet, and after the battle of Waterloo, again visited Paris with her daughter, whom she married to the Duke de Broglie. In 1816, she went to Italy, and resided some time at Pisa. Returning to France, she became seriously indisposed, and her death took place July 14, 1817. Her works have been published by her son, the Baron de Stael Holstein, in 18 vols. 8vo.

TWILIGHT.

I know not wherefore, but the twilight hour
To me has ever had a nameless charm:
It soothes the troubled soul, and has the power
To vest the spirits in a pleasing calm.

Oh have I watched the sun recede from sight,
Sinking in glory, 'neath the radiant skies,
And seen it gradually withdraw its light,
O'er other lands in splendour soon to rise.

Then slowly one by one the shadows fell,
Proclaiming to the earth approaching night,
And then the soft sweet hour I love so well,
Came with its melancholy dreamy light.

To call to mind the days and hours long past,
To speak to me with memory's own voice;
Again I see thee as I saw thee last,
And in those visions does my heart rejoice.

Thus do I stand, forgetting all but thee,
In thoughts harmonious with the witching time;
Ideas that breathe and ever speak to me
Of thee, though absent in a distant clime.
Westminster. M. R.

A FRAGMENT;

FROM THE GERMAN.

Translated by Andrew Schmetz.

SEEK always truth and righteousness
Until thy dying day—
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth,
From thy Creator's way.

Then shalt thou, as to verdant meads,
Proceed with nimble pace;
Then mayst thou, fearless, terrorless,
Look death full in the face!

Then will the sickle and the plough
Within thy hand be light—
Then may'st thou sing o'er water-jug,
As tho' wine cheer the sight!

The wicked man finds all things hard,
Whate'er he does below!
His vices never leave him rest,
But drag him to and fro!

The lovely spring laughs not for him;
For him laughs no corn-field;
He is on craft and cunning bent—
To all, but gold, is steeled!

The wind in grove, the leaves on tree,
Shake terror on his path—
Ner finds he after life's short dream
The grave's repose, but wrath!

Then seek thy truth and righteousness
Until thy dying day,
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth
From thy Creator's way.

Then will thy children bend thy grave;
And weep their tears for thee—
And summer-flowers with fragrant ribs
From them bloom ceaselessly!

HART.

MASONIC SONG.

WRITTEN FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY, BY ROBERT GILFILLAN,
BARD TO THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

AGAIN let us welcome this blithe happy day,
That true Scottish Masons will honour for aye;
And though from their country our Brothers may roam,
This day will awaken up kindred and home.
Oh, this day will awaken up kindred and home!

And where is the desert or surf-beaten shore,
Not traversed by Brothers—we fondly adore;
Though absent afar, yet their heart we may claim,
For absent or present, they're ever the same!
For absent or present, they're ever the same!

As far as St. Lawrence rolls mighty and deep,
To where the blue waves of the bright Ganges sweep,
'Mong the fair groves of Italy, or bleak Zembla's snow,
"St. Andrew" and "Scotland," in bumpers shall flow!
"St. Andrew" and "Scotland," in bumpers shall flow!

Hail! Land of our fathers,—of mountain and glen—
Of soft blooming meadows, and true-hearted men,
Oh! long may thy Thistle a dear emblem be,
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free!
Of Liberty's birth-place, the home of the free!

And ne'er did the Thistle—fleur-de-lis of the brave,
More flourish in splendour—or more proudly wave,
With bosom of purple, and leaves ever green,
Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair Queen,
Than now when it blossoms for Scotland's Fair Queen!

Victoria! High Princess! Oh, where is the band,
Through all thy dominions—the length of the land,
In devotion more deep—or in service more free,
Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to thee!
Than the Masons of Scotland are, lov'd Queen, to thee!

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S STORY.

In the course of a ramble through North Wales, in the autumn of 1830, I remained for a few days at the village of Llanweddy, for the purpose of sketching some of the magnificent views in its vicinity. This little village is situated in one of the most romantic spots in that picturesque land,—the land where the sacred fire of Liberty, like that of the Fire worshippers of old, burnt with a pure and steady light, long after it had been extinguished in blood along the more fertile plains of the South, by successive hordes of foreign invaders. My present object, however, is not to inquire into the reasons why the inhabitants of barren and mountainous countries live, in all ages, displayed greater valour in defending their native land, (which, in many instances, would appear hardly worth taking,) than those whose lot has been cast in a more fertile soil, and under a more genial sky, but simply to relate the following story, as communicated to me by that *memorable mori* of mortality—the Sexton of the parish:—

The day after my arrival in the village happened to be Sunday, and, as I issued forth from the little inn, on a glorious autumnal morn'g, to view the magnificent scenery by which I was surrounded, there was not a sound to disturb the deep silence which reigned over the sublime scene, except the ringing of the tiny church bell, summoning the inhabitants to offer their Creator the homage of pure and simple hearts; and the joyous notes of the feathered race as they swelled forth their melodious strains from among the grove of oak trees in which the small rustic church was partially embosomed. Small groups of the neighbouring peasantry, clad in holiday attire, might be seen threading the narrow paths, which led from the surrounding mountains, with the light and elastic step peculiar to mountaineers, and so unlike the awkward, ungainly movements of the clodhoppers of the plains. As I gazed on the scene around me, I thought that the heart which was not inspired by the purest feelings of devotion under the circumstances, must be indeed callous, and totally insensible to the beauty and harmony of this glorious creation. Led on by such a train of thought, I found myself within the precincts of the sacred edifice before I was aware of it, and it was only on receiving a gentle tap on the shoulder, from the personage who officiated as clerk, pew-opener, and, (as I afterwards found,) Sexton, that I recovered from my reverie, so far as to recollect that I had not uncovered. Recalled from the mental absence which led me to commit this piece of irreverence, I seated myself in a pew, the door of which my monitor held open for my admission. I had not taken my seat many minutes, when the pastor of this primitive, and truly devout congregation, entered the church. He was, as near as I could guess, verging on fourscore, and pre-

sented the most venerable appearance I ever saw, realising, to my mind, the patriarchal and primeval Shepherd watching over his flock, who, on their part, looked up to him with a degree of veneration only short of that devotion, which they offered up to that God whose divine precepts he taught them. He must, in his youth, have been eminently handsome; for, even more than man's allotted span of time had still left traces of manly beauty. But it was chiefly the subdued and benevolent expression of his benign countenance, shaded by long hair of snowey whiteness, which impressed the beholder with a feeling of love and veneration for him.

The subject of his discourse was the uncertainty of all earthly things, and the consequent necessity of looking beyond them for the enjoyment of permanent happiness. He implored his hearers to listen to the warning voice of one who might almost be said to speak to them from the threshold of that unknown world to which they were all hurrying. He reminded them, that, in the natural course of things, he could not long remain with them; that this might even be the *last* time he should address them, from a place in which he had grown grey in endeavouring to lead them to the only source of true happiness; *viz.*, obedience to God, and good-will towards their fellow-creatures.

Before the conclusion of the discourse, I observed that the tears flowed freely along the furrowed cheeks of several of the aged flock of this good pastor,—probably at the very thought of losing the friend of their youth, and the guide of their old age. When the service was over I returned to my inn, and felt that I had much to answer for, if I did not leave the scene a “wiser and a better man.”

During the ensuing week, my time was entirely taken up in making short excursions into the neighbouring mountains, for the purpose already mentioned.

One morning as I was returning from a ramble, my path lay through the churchyard, where I found my friend, the pew-opener, parish clerk, and Sexton, engaged in the vocation which conferred on him the last-mentioned title. He recognized me at once, and, respectfully touching his hat, addressed me in Welsh (which, I suppose, he took for granted I understood, from having seen me in church) with, “A fine morning, sir!” Having returned his salutation, I looked into the grave from which he was turning out fragments of mortality with all the *nonchalance* imaginable, and entered into conversation with him; in the course of which I learnt that he was preparing the last resting-place for the mortal remains of the venerable clergyman, whose last impressive address to his parishioners I had heard on the previous Sabbath. “Ah! little did I think then,” continued the Sexton, in the metaphorical style of his simple, yet energetic language, “that, before the sun,

which shone not on a better man, had five times run his course, I should have to prepare the cold bed of death for him!"

"Has he left any family?" inquired I.

"No, sir; he never was married, which we always thought a great pity: but he had his reasons for it, sir. He read the funeral service over the only woman he ever loved, more than fifty years ago. You see there, sir, the monument he raised to her memory; but she is not there,—she sleeps in the land of strangers. I have often heard him tell the melancholy story."

Impelled by a strong curiosity to hear the grave-digger's tale, I seated myself on a tombstone, and took it down nearly in the words in which it is now given to the public:—

The Rev. Owen Edwards (such was the venerable clergyman's name) was a native of South Wales, and, when very young, officiated for some time as curate of a parish church in London. Among his hearers, was a young lady, apparently about twenty years of age, who attracted his attention, not only by her constant and undeviating attendance at church, but by her devout, modest, and unassuming manner, during the service. Her personal appearance was not calculated to captivate at first sight; but the simple neatness displayed in adorning the fair proportion of beauty which nature had bestowed upon her, added to her modest and unaffected demeanour, could not fail, after they had been remarked, to make a deep impression on any man, who had a true perception of woman's gentle and confiding nature, and of the unfading charms, which give her a permanent claim on the best affections of the other sex.

Sunday after Sunday did the young clergyman ascend the pulpit to discharge his sacred functions, and still was his devout hearer to be seen in her place; until, at last, he felt he had not the power, if he were so inclined, to restrain his eye from wandering in the direction of her pew, on his first entering the church. He also felt, without knowing why, a desire to please; but what, it may be asked, could be more natural, than a wish to please one who seemed to appreciate his humble exertions in the discharge of his sacred duties! 'Tis true, this *might* be assigned as a good and sufficient reason, and probably he would have advanced it had he asked himself the question. It was, however, in this instance, like many other reasons issued, and intended to pass current, found to be fallacious, when submitted to the test of experience in analysing human passions and motives; for, on the disappearance of this being from among his hearers, he felt as part of his very self had been annihilated—a blank in his existence—an indescribable restlessness, wholly incompatible with that calmness and serenity of mind, which ought to be inseparable from his sacred calling. Weeks and months passed away, and this bright vision, which still haunted his imagination, did not re-appear;

the involuntary glance, directed on each returning Sabbath to the charmed spot, fell upon the vacant pew, and doomed him to disappointment.

At length, he received notice one morning to officiate at a funeral in the afternoon. Having attended at the appointed hour, and read the beautiful and impressive service of the church, which is too often divested of its solemnity by the slovenly manner in which it is performed, over a departed "sister," whom the funeral habiliments proclaimed young and single, he was retiring, when he was taken aside by an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be chief mourner on the occasion.

He introduced himself as the father of the girl, over whose remains they been just performing the last melancholy office, and said, that he felt a strong desire to communicate a secret which he had extracted from his dying daughter, under a promise of not divulging during her life. He said he had made the discovery too late to save her; for he could not help thinking, from knowing her character, that she might have been saved, had he discovered it sooner. He then proceeded to inform the young clergyman, that she had been residing, for a considerable time, with some friends in London, and had been a constant attendant at his church, where she had conceived a violent passion for him—a passion pure and virtuous as ever warmed the affectionate heart of woman, but destructive to her fragile frame, in proportion to the efforts made by a sensitive and timid mind to subdue it.

It is needless to say, that Owen Edwards readily identified the mortal remains, over which he had just read the funeral service, and with which his affections now lay buried, as those of her who had crossed his path as a bright vision, which must for ever remain impressed on his memory. His confession of his own undivulged attachment to the unhappy girl tended but to increase the anguish of the heart-broken father.

Mr. Edwards, unable to divest his mind of the painful recollections which naturally pressed upon it, resigned the curacy of St. —, and was, through the influence of the gentleman whose acquaintance he had made under such distressing circumstances, appointed to the small living of Llanwelly, in North Wales, the native country of her whose memory his heart had never ceased to cherish, even to the entire exclusion of a single tender sentiment for one of the many good and virtuous of the sex he must have met with, in the course of a long and useful life.

Such was the substance of the Grave-digger's Story.

LONDON IN ITS PRIMITIVE TIME.

THE earliest notice of London as a commercial city, during the Saxon domination, may be collected from Bede, who relates, "that the

capital island, the noble emporium both by sea to the conquerors Britons, Saxons residence execution as famous period, smuggled cities, if as impossible; a

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THE story deemed in the British officially of Keane, as witnessed in the diffi than three in Asia, w 4,000 of the Afghans, Dost Mohi fill into th the subseq remains of lamed him die of Calh Monk on which he v fated, at l the to his Khas, the need, depo the battle down. F had broug with him, w over, and in. He fl many years on corners of his atten now; when his restored Ghuznee which city is a place of s up, the cap reached from the Ja new reduce too hundre on the wall of the foot stream. It contains the

capital of one of the smallest kingdoms of this island, by its happy situation on the bank of the noble and navigable River Thames, was an emporium for many nations repairing to it, both by sea and land." This seems to refer to the early part of the government of those conquerors, who, when identified with the Britons, are said to have acquired their ingenuity. But, however this may be, the Anglo-Saxons were, in those early ages of their residence in this island, celebrated for the execution of curious works in gold and silver, so famous, even in Italy, that, at a subsequent period, by means of the pilgrims, they were smuggled through France; where all commodities, if brought by Christians, were liable to an impost equal to an eleventh part of the profit; and, if by Jews, to a tenth.

GHUZNEE, IN AFFGHANISTAN.

THE storming of the important, and hitherto deemed impregnable, fortress of Ghuznee, by the British troops, on the 22d of July, 1839, is officially described, by Lieut.-general Sir John Keane, as the most brilliant act which he has witnessed during a service of forty-five years in the different quarters of the globe. In less than three hours, one of the strongest places in Asia, which was defended by a garrison of 3,000 of the bravest and best-disciplined of the Afghans, and was commanded by a son of Dost Mohamed, the usurping king of Cabool, fell into the hands of the British army. By the subsequent defeat and dispersion of the remains of the Afghan force under Dost Mohamed himself, the British obtained possession of Cabool, and re-seated Shah Shooja-ool-Mulk on the throne of Affghanistan; from which he was driven in 1809, having been defeated, at Neemla, by an army ten times inferior to his own, under the command of Futteh Khan, the vizier of the former king, Mahmood, deposed in 1803, but, by the result of the battle, again put in possession of the crown. Far from expecting a defeat, Shooja had brought his jewels and his wealth along with him, which fell into the hands of his conqueror, and Shooja barely escaped with his life. He fled to the Khyber country, and, for many years, he wandered as a fugitive in various corners of his dominions, having failed in all his attempts to recover his kingdom until now; when, aided by British valour, he is at last restored to his capital.

Ghuznee is sixty miles from Cabool, of which city it is a dependency. Although now a place of small note, it was, eight centuries ago, the capital of an extensive empire, which reached from the Tigris to the Ganges, and from the Jaxartes to the Persian Gulf. It is now reduced to a town containing about fifteen hundred houses, besides the suburbs without the walls. The town stands on a height, at the foot of which flows a considerable stream. It is surrounded by stone walls, and contains three bazzaars, of no great breadth,

with high houses on each side, and a covered chaursoo. Most of its streets are dark and narrow. A few remains of the ancient grandeur of the city are still to be seen in its neighbourhood, particularly two lofty minarets at some distance from each other, and the least of which is upwards of one hundred feet in height. The tomb of its founder, the great Sultan Mahmood, who reigned in the eleventh century, is also standing, about three miles from Ghuznee. It is described as being a spacious, rather than a magnificent building, covered with a cupola. The doors are very large, of sandal-wood, and are said to have been brought by Sultan Mahmood as a trophy from the famous Temple of Somnat, in Guzerat, which he sacked in his last expedition to India. It is related by Lieutenant Burnes, that the ruler of the Punjab, in a negotiation which he carried on with Shah Shooja, stipulated as one of the conditions of the latter's restoration to the throne of his ancestors, that he should deliver up these sandal-wood gates, which have for eight hundred years adorned the tomb of the great Sultan. The natives of the country say, that that monarch chose Ghuznee as his capital, because the cold renders it inaccessible for some months in the year, which gave him greater confidence while desolating Hindostan. The tombstone of Mahmood is of white marble, on which are sculptured Arabic verses from the Koran, and at its head lies the plain but weighty mace, which is said to have been wielded by the monarch himself. It is of wood, with a head of metal so heavy that few men can use it. There are also some thrones, or chairs, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in the tomb, which are believed to have belonged to Mahmood. The tombstone is under a canopy, and some Moolahs are continually present, engaged in reading the Koran aloud over the grave. There are some other ruins of less account in the vicinity, among which may be mentioned the tomb of Behlole Dauna, or Behlole the Wise; and that of Hukeem Sunanee, a poet still greatly esteemed in Persia. But nothing remains to show the magnificence of the palaces of the Gamavide kings, which at one time were the residence of Ferdausee, the Homer of Asia, or of the mosques, baths, and caravansaries, which once adorned the capital of the East. Of all the antiquities in the neighbourhood, the most useful is an extensive dam, or embankment, across a stream, constructed at great expense by Mahmood, and which, though damaged by the fury of the Ghoroe kings at a former capture of Ghuznee, still supplies water to the fields and gardens round the town, and is the only one of seven now remaining. The immediate environs of the city are inhabited by Tadjiks and Hazarehs, and the valley contiguous to them, on the north, belongs to the Wurdaks; but the country between the hills, which bound that valley on the east, and the mountains of Solyman, is inhabited by the Ghiljies.

Of the vizier, Futeh Khan, above-mentioned, the following story is told :

A rival of his, a Dooranee nobleman, of the name of Meer Alum, who aspired to the office of vizier, insulted him, and even went so far as to knock out one of his front teeth. The injury was to all appearance forgiven, for Meer Alum subsequently married the sister of Futeh Khan, but the alliance was only formed that the latter might the more easily be revenged upon Meer Alum. The night before the battle of Ispahan, a village that marks another of Shooja's defeats, but before he was king, Futeh Khan seized upon his unfortunate brother-in-law and put him to death. The vizier's sister threw herself at her brother's feet, and asked why he had murdered her husband !

"What !" said he, in surprise, "have you more regard for your husband than for your brother's honour ! Look at my broken teeth, and know, that the insult is now avenged. If you are in grief at the loss of a husband, I'll marry you to a mule-driver."

This incident, says Sir Alexander Burnes, in his "Travels into Bokhara," is not a bad illustration of the boisterous manners and feelings of the Affghans. A saying among them bids one fear the more, when an apparent reconciliation has taken place by an inter-marriage.

The end of Futeh Khan was a remarkable illustration of the inconstancy of power in the East, as well as a striking instance of the ingratitude of the princes whom he served so faithfully. After restoring Mahmood to his kingdom, Futeh Khan managed the whole affairs of the Affghan nation with wisdom and vigour, while the monarch abandoned himself to indolence and debauchery. Futeh Khan profited by his master's weakness, and distributed the different governments of the kingdom among his numerous brothers. The king's son, Prince Caumran, betrayed the strongest discontent and displeasure at the vizier's proceedings, and being opposed in some ambitious designs which he entertained, he resolved to rid himself of such a formidable and powerful personage; and succeeded in convincing his father that he might govern the country, now that it was consolidated, without the assistance of his vizier. Having obtained his father's permission to the step, Caumran embraced an opportunity which presented itself at Herat, where he seized Futeh Khan, and immediately ordered that his eyes should be put out.

The vizier's death took place in the year 1818, and an act, so merciless, immediately drove the whole of Futeh Khan's brothers into rebellion.

The tragedy which terminated the life of Futeh Khan Barukzye is, perhaps, unparalleled in the modern history of the East. Blind and bound he was led into the court of Mahmood, whom he had made king, and where he had recently governed with absolute power. The king taunted and mocked him, and desired him to use his influence with his bro-

thers to return to their allegiance. Futeh Khan replied without fear, and with great fortitude, that he was now but a poor blind man, and had no concern with affairs of state. Mahmood, irritated at his obstinacy, gave the last orders for his death, and this high-minded, but unfortunate man, was deliberately cut in pieces by the sycophants of the court; joint was separated from joint; limb from limb; his nose and his ears were lopped off; nor had the vital spark fled, till the head was separated from the mangled trunk. Futeh Khan endured these tortures without a groan. He stretched out his limbs to his cruel executioners, and exhibited the same careless indifference, the same reckless contempt for his own life, as he had so often shown for that of others. The bloody remnants of this ill-fated chief were gathered in a cloth and sent to Ghumee, where they were interred.

King Mahmood, soon after, was obliged to fly precipitately to Herat, where he sunk into a vassal of Persia, and where he died in 1823; leaving his government of Herat to his son Caumran, the cause of all his disasters. Ultimately, in the year 1826, Dost Mohamed, the brother of Futeh Khan, became the possessor of the throne of Cabool, which he has occupied ever since, until now, that, forced by the success of the British arms, he has, in his turn, become a wanderer and a fugitive; his army reduced to a marauding party of three hundred horse.

The restored king, Shah Soujah, is represented as being of notoriously weak capacity, and neither feared nor loved by those over whom, after an exile of thirty years, he has again been placed. His manners and address are highly polished; but he has little judgment, and less regard for his own dignity as a monarch. On the other hand, we are told that Dost Mohamed possesses a vigorous intellect, and an active and enterprising mind. Lord Burnes, who had several opportunities of seeing him, draws a most flattering picture of his vigour, wisdom, and justice of his administration.

The Affghans are a brave, hardy, and warlike race of people. They inhabit the mountainous country lying between Hindoostan and Persia, and occupy a region extending from the Caspian Sea to the Indus on the East, and from the Indus to Cashemire on the West. The British and their allies are now absolute masters of all that difficult country which has, in all ages, been considered the great rampart of India towards the north-west.

To the Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone's excellent "Account of Cabool, and its Dependencies," published in 1809; and to Lord (now Sir Alexander) "Burnes' Travels into Bokhara," which appeared in 1834, the English reader is indebted for much valuable information, as to the character, condition, and history of the various tribes and nations of that important quarter of the globe, which is now the scene of so many stirring and momentous events.

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PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The long, or mineral gallery, (situate over the King's Library,) has its walls embellished with upwards of one hundred paintings; forming, probably, the most extensive collection of Portraits in the kingdom; many of them are indifferent, yet others are very curious, and some unique. We believe it was the *Times* journal that first called the attention of the public to this collection, by giving a *Catalogue raisonné* of its contents; from which we have culled some interesting particulars. The Synopsis sold at the Museum gives little more than the names of the characters.

1. **Portrait of James I.** [born 1566; died 1625.] It is generally esteemed a bad copy, from one by Vanomer. Presented to the Museum by Dr. A. Gifford.

2. **Henry VIII.** [b. 1492; d. 1547.] When in his 30th year: it is by Holbein; and was given by Dr. Gifford.

3. **Portrait of Cromwell.** [b. 1599; d. 1658.] A page is tying on his scarf; he has a baton in his hand. From the old Cottonian Library. This is a doubtful portrait of the Protector.

4. **Edward III.** [b. 1312; d. 1377.] It has a sceptre with three crowns: an early and newly-painted picture; from the Cottonian collection.

5. **Mary, Queen of Scots.** [b. 1545; d. 1587.] Another of the many doubtful portraits of this unfortunate princess. From the Cottonian collection. Given by Dr. A. Gifford.

6. **George I.** [b. 1660; d. 1727.] He is dressed in the costume of the Order of the Garter; the picture was painted by Lequeux, and originally designed for the town-hall of Yarmouth.

7. **Henrietta Maria.** [b. 1639; d. 1669.] This is, in all probability, a veritable portrait of the important, bigoted, revengeful, wife of Charles I., and, afterwards, of Henry Jernys, Earl of St. Alban's. It is painted by Vanomer.

8. **Henry VI.** [b. 1421; d. 1471.] An exceedingly curious portrait; the hands are clasped as if in prayer; it has a chain, with an *Agnus Dei* attached; on panel. Presented by Dr. Gifford; and is engraved by Vertan.

9. **Oliver Cromwell.** A boy is fastening on his scarf, as in the preceding picture. It is painted by Walker; and bequeathed 1764, by Sir Robert Rich, bart., to whose great-grandfather, Nathaniel Rich, Esq., then serving as a Colonel of Horse in the Parliamentary Army, it was presented by Cromwell himself.

10. **Mary, Queen of Scots.** April 42. It was presented by Lieutenant-general Thornton. It is similar to the one in the state drawing-room at Windsor Castle.

11. **James I.** Presented by Mr. Cook.

12. **William III.** [b. 1650; d. 1702.] The figure is in armour, and is arrayed in the long military wig of the day; and does not accredit the general likenesses of that monarch. It was given by Dr. Gifford.

13. **William, Duke of Cumberland.** [b. 1721; d. 1765.]

Son of George I., defeated the Scots at the battle of Culloden; the portrait is finely painted; a full-length, in uniform; has the riband of the Garter. It is by Moser; and presented by Lieutenant-general Thornton.

14. **Richard II.** [b. 1366; d. 1399.] This is an exceedingly curious picture, there are but

two existing of him; the other is in the Chapter-house, Westminster; the head has a jewelled coronet; it has a long gold collar round the neck, and an ermined robe, buttoned close up to the throat. It was given by John Goodman, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

15. **James, Duke of Monmouth.** [b. 1649; beheaded for high treason, 1685.]

Eldest son of Charles II., by Lucy Walters. His hand rests on a globe, the dress is Roman, with a red robe. Probably by Sir P. Lely. It was the gift of Dr. Gifford.

16. **Mary, Queen of Scots.** This portrait is in the dress of a penitent. Very questionable.

17. **Queen Elizabeth.** [b. 1533; d. 1603.] The hair is powdered with gold; she has a sceptre and globe; the dress is brown, and ornamented with jewels; and has six or seven necklaces falling to the waist. The picture is by Zuccheri; and presented by Lord Cardross, 1766.

18. **George II.** [b. 1683; d. 1760.] The wig is that from which the one worn by George III. at the last installation of the knights of the Garter, was taken. It was painted by Shalkelton, for the Trustees, and esteemed a likeness.

19. **Margaret of Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby.** [b. 1441; d. 1509.]

A very curious picture. She has a book in her hand; the eyes are small and blue; the arms of Tudor impaled with those of York, are in the corner of the picture. This illustrious lady was wife to Edmund, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had Henry VII.; she married, secondly, Sir Henry Stafford, and afterwards became the wife to Thomas Stanley, first Earl of Derby, by whose accession from the cause of Richard, the battle of Bosworth was decided in favour of Henry. She endowed, [1505.] Christ College, and, also, founded St. John's [1506.] both at Cambridge. It is the gift of Dr. Gifford.

20. **Queen Elizabeth.** In a most gorgeous dress, which is of black, with white satin sleeves, covered with jewels, the hair interlaced with gems and a small coronet. This portrait is by F. Zuccheri, and was presented by the Earl of Macclesfield, 1760.

21. **Henry V.** [b. 1389; d. 1422.] The countenance resembles that of his figure in Westminster Abbey; he has a crimson robe, with a collar of jewels. Presented by Dr. Gifford.

22. **Charles II.** [b. 1630; d. 1685.] A three-quarter portrait, in the robe of the Garter; the figure is in a sitting position; he has on a coal black wig. It is painted by Sir Peter Lely, and was presented by Dr. Gifford.

23. **Caroline, Queen of George II.** [b. 1682; d. 1737.]

Dressed in her coronation robes; her hand on a crown. A small whole-length, painted by Jarvis. Presented by General Thornton.

24. **Edward VI.** [b. 1537; d. 1553.] The name of the artist is uncertain; but no doubt it is an original; the dress is curious, trunk hose, red velvet tunic, and a tippet or miniver, with a black cap; it was given in 1768, by Mrs. Mary Mackmerren.

25. **Rev. Dr. T. Birch.** [b. 1705; d. 1765.]

This gentleman was an industrious historian and biographer; his principal works are the biographical sketches accompanying the "Heads of Illustrations Persons of Great Britain," and the "General Historical and Critical Dictionary." He was killed by a fall from his horse. Painted by Brown, in 1736, and was bequeathed by himself.

26. **Dr. Andrew Gifford.** [b. 1700; d. 1784.]

The figure has a roll of papers in his hand; the coun-

tenance is laughing; it is esteemed a fine likeness, and was presented by himself in 1784. Dr. Gifford was an eminent English dissenting divine and antiquarian. He was assistant librarian at the British Museum, and left a collection of manuscripts and pictures to the Museum.

27. James Bridges, created first Duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719.

He is in an Hungarian dress, with a scarlet mantle. This is the nobleman who was ridiculed by Pope, on account of his palace at Cannons, where he lived in a regal state, was attended by a body-guard of yeomen, and rivalled royalty in the splendour of his household.

28. Humphrey Wanley. [b. 1726; d. 1761.]

It is a fine portrait; the dress in the costume of Hogarth's figures, by whom it is said to have been painted. This gentleman, who was librarian to Harley, Earl of Oxford, was a great collector of manuscripts, which he collected for Milles's Greek Testament; and kept a curious account of the transactions connected with the Harleian Library. Presented by Herbert Westling, Esq.

29. Joseph Planta, Esq. F. R. S.

This picture was given by his son. He was principal librarian to the British Museum from 1799 to 1837.

30. Sir Hans Sloane. [b. 1660; d. 1752.]

This is a half-length portrait by Kneller. His museum, which by will he offered to the nation for 20,000*l.* not a fifth of the original cost, formed the nucleus of the invaluable treasures of the British Museum.

31. Dr. Gower Knight.

First principal librarian of the British Museum. Painted by Wilson.

32. Sir Hans Sloane.

Whole-length, in a full dress of black velvet, with a magnificent wig; sitting on a chair reading.

33. Claudius James Rich. [b. 1787; d. 1821.]

He was a great Oriental scholar; wrote a work on the ruins of Babylon, and was the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, from 1808 to 1821. He left a large collection of Oriental manuscripts, medals, and antiquities, which are now in the British Museum.

34. Dr. John Ward. [b. 1679; d. 1758.]

A philological writer, and celebrated as a classical scholar and antiquary; was chosen professor of rhetoric to Gresham College, where he died. He also published lives of the Grecian professors from the foundation of the College. Presented by Thomas Hollis, Esq.

35. Dr. Mathew Maty. [b. 1718; d. 1776.]

This portrait was bequeathed by himself. He wrote a review of English books in French, called the *Journal Britannique*; and the life of the Earl of Chesterfield. He was born in Holland, and studied at Leyden, but settled in England, where he became secretary to the Royal Society, and librarian to the British Museum.

36. Sir Hans Sloane.

Painted by Murray.

37. Robert Harley, second Earl of Oxford. [b. 1711; d. 1724.]

Painted by Kneller. Presented in 1768, by the Duchess Dowager of Portland. The figure is attired in the robes of the Garter.

39. Sir John Cotton. [d. 1702.]

A small oval, in a square frame. From the old Cottonian library.

39. Sir Robert Cotton. [b. 1570; d. 1631.]

Presented, in 1794, by Paul Methuen, Esq. Sir Robert is one of the earliest and best antiquaries England possesses; was the founder of the Cottonian collection, part of which, after his death, was destroyed by fire at Cotton-house, Cotton-gardens, Westminster; it now forms a valuable portion of the Museum library.

(To be continued.)

IMPERIAL OTTOMAN ORDER OF THE CRESCENT.

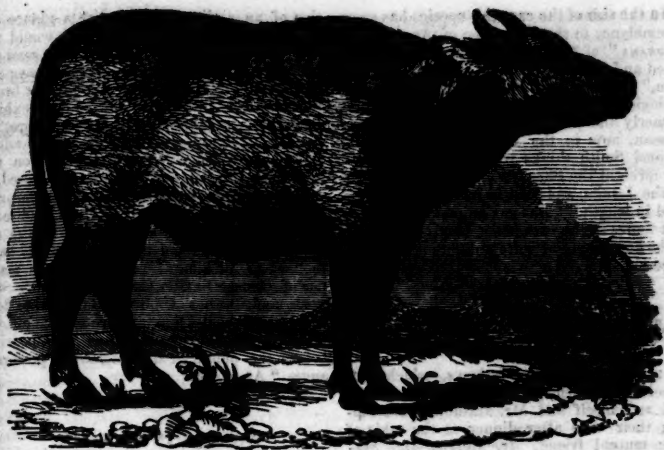
It is an event which forms a memorable era in the annals of the eighteenth century, that the Turks, against whom the first Order of Knighthood was established, should have instituted a military one, to recompense the bravery of a Christian and a hero, and expressly to commemorate a victory which was gained upon their own coasts, and upon which depended their existence as a nation. But what could otherwise be expected from the unrivalled courage and transcendent genius of Britannia's "darling" NELSON! not more renowned as a hero, than consummate as a statesman, and by whom this glorious and ever-memorable victory was obtained over the French Fleet, in the Battle of the Nile, on the 1st of August, 1798!

Having received an official confirmation of this decisive victory on the 29th of August, the Grand Seigneur hastened to express his satisfaction at this joyful event to Mr. Smith, the British Minister at the Sublime Porte, on the 8th Sept. following, in these words:—

It is but lately that, by a written communication, it has been made known how much the Sublime Porte rejoiced at the first advice received of the English squadron, in the White Sea, having defeated the French off Alexandria, in Egypt. By recent accounts, comprehending a specific detail of the action, it appears now more positive, that his Britannic Majesty's fleet has actually destroyed, by that action, the best ships which the French had in their possession.

This joyful event, therefore, laying this empire under an obligation, and the service rendered by our much esteemed friend, Admiral Nelson, on this occasion, being of a nature to call for public acknowledgment, his Imperial Majesty, the powerful, formidable, and most magnificent Grand Seigneur, has destined, as a present in his imperial name to the said Admiral, a diamond aigrette, and a sable fur with broad sleeves, besides 2,000 sequins, to be distributed amongst the wounded of his crew. And as the English Minister is constantly zealous to contribute, by his endeavours, to the increase of friendship between the two courts, it is hoped he will not fail to make known this circumstance to his court, and to solicit the permission of the powerful and most august King of England, for the said Admiral to put on and wear the said aigrette and pelisse.

To immortalize an event so glorious to the British arms, Mr. Smith suggested to the minister of the Grand Seigneur, Selim III., the propriety of establishing an Order, to be styled "The Imperial Ottoman Order of the Crescent." The Sultan hastened to adopt the recommendation, and this Order was instituted upon the purest principles of ancient chivalry, being purposely founded to remunerate warlike achievements and knightly prowess.—*Carlisle's Foreign Orders of Knighthood.*

THE BUSH-COW.—(*Bos Brachyceros*. Gray.)

[This interesting animal forms an object of great attraction amidst the many specimens of "Nature's Wonders" at Mr. Cross's splendid Surrey Zoological Gardens. We cannot do better than avail ourselves of the Description given of this animal by John Edward Gray, F.R.S., in the 10th Number of "Annals of Natural History." The learned author thus writes on the subject:—]

Captain Clapperton and Colonel Denham, when they returned from their expedition in Northern and Central Africa, brought with them two heads of a species of ox, covered with their skins. These heads are the specimens which are mentioned in Messrs. Children and Vigor's accounts of the animals collected in the expedition, as belonging to the buffalo, *Bos Bubalus*, and they are stated to be called *Zamouse* by the natives; but, as no particular locality is given for the head, this name is probably the one applied to the common buffalo, which is found in most parts of North Africa.

Having some years ago compared these heads with the skull of the common buffalo, *Bos Bubalus*, and satisfied myself from the difference in the form and position of the horns that they were a distinct species, in the "Magazine of Natural History" for 1837, (new series, vol. i., p. 589,) I indicated them as a new species, under the name of *Bos Brachyceros*.

In the course of this summer, Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, received from Sierra Leone, under the name of the *Bush Cow*, a specimen which serves more fully to establish the species. It differs from the buffalo and all the other oxen in several important characters, especially in the large size and peculiar bearding of the ears, and in

being totally deficient of any dewlap. It also differs from the buffalo in its forehead being flatter and quite destitute of the convex form which is so striking in all the varieties of that animal.

Mr. Cross's cow is, like the head in the Museum, of a nearly uniform pale chestnut colour. The hair is rather scattered, and nearly perpendicular to the surface of the body. The legs, about the knees and hocks, are rather darker. The ears are very large,



with two rows of very long hairs on the inner side, and a tuft of long hairs at the tip. The body is short and barrel-shaped, and the tail reaches to the hocks, rather thin and tapering, with a tuft of long hairs at the tip. The chest is rounded, and rather dependent, but without the least appearance of a dewlap, and the horns nearly resemble those of the Museum specimen, but are less developed, from the sex and evidently greater youth of the animal. The Rev. Mr. Morgan informs me that the animal is not rare in the bush near Sierra Leone.

In the size of the ears this species has some resemblance to the "Pegasus of Angula, *Des Pegasus*" of Colonel Hamilton Smith, indicated and figured in Griffiths' "Animal Kingdom," from a figure which this industrious zoologist found in a collection of drawings formerly the property of Prince Maurice of Nassau, now in the Berlin Library, which Colonel Smith thinks was probably intended to represent the Pegasus of Congo, mentioned by the Jesuits, and said to have "ears half a yard in length." But our animal differs from that figure in the ears being nearly erect, and in the horn being of quite a different form and direction.

MATHEWS'S DELINEATION OF THE "GERMAN AND HIS WIFE."

In a letter to Mrs. Mathews, which Mr. Arnold has recently published, he observes, that as himself and Mr. Mathews were sipping their wine after dinner at the table of their mutual friend, Mr. Morris, Mr. Mathews inveighed with much bitterness on his theatrical situation, and the neglect of proprietors, and, after a time, in order to change the subject, I told him that, though I had heard many of his imitations, I had heard still more from others of his dramatic story of *The German and his Wife*, but which I had never witnessed. On this, he expressed his readiness to give it, with the permission of our host, which permission, as may be supposed, was readily accorded. We retired above stairs. Mr. Mathews demanded the use of the adjoining room, which happened luckily to be a bed-room, as best adapted to his personations; the lights were extinguished, and Mr. Mathews withdrew to the scene of his operations. On a signal agreed on we entered the room in darkness, and (what shall I call it!) the auricular exhibitions commenced. We had groped our way to a corner, to which I was guided by Mr. Morris, who, of course, understood the locality of the place, and during, I think, three quarters of an hour, I was rivetted to the spot by vocal and other illusions, which, I think, were never equalled, even by the first appearance of the phantasmagoria, which filled the town with amusement, and the little Lyceum Theatre nightly with people for months, under the auspices of Mr. Philippsall. To attempt to describe this scene of mimic magic would be like the effort to embody thought, and to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." All I need say to you, who have, doubtless, witnessed this trial of skill, is, that I was bewildered with astonishment; and when we returned to our drawing-room and re-lighted our candles, I regarded the man who had produced these illusions as a being of another order. I saw at once, in a far greater degree than I had seen before, the surprising powers he possessed of commanding the atten-

tion of an audience. I saw at a glance the cause of that restless spirit which would not allow him to remain satisfied with a semi-obscure mediocrity; and, in short, the scope of that towering genius, which could not brook the trammels of regular and limited exhibitions. In complimenting him, therefore, (if the natural expression of surprise and admiration could be called compliment,) on the matchless illusions we had just witnessed, I did not refrain from expressing my surprise that, with all his avowed feelings of discontent, disappointment, and disgust, in the regular theatres, it had never entered his head to "set up for himself," and, after the manner of George Saville Carey, Alexander Stevens, and Charles Dibdin, to take the field alone, and boldly and at once to face a London audience. Hence originated his appearing before the public in his celebrated performances "At Home."

WOLVES IN BRITAIN.

We hardly need a plea for the propriety of introducing wolf-hunting in Britain, when it is notorious that the ravages of this animal proved very destructive, not only to the beasts around them, but also, on many occasions, to the human inhabitants; children in particular, we are told, were sought for by him, and fed a prey to his thirst for blood. Yet, even in this marauder, we can find redeeming traits; for we are not without numerous instances of undoubted authority to prove, that he only wants attention, not only to reclaim him from his habitual ferocity, but also to convert him into an attendant the most faithful and attached. Of all the ancient prejudices, that of the unconquerable aversion which particular animals entertain towards us, is one that has kept its hold on the opinion of mankind the longest; yet even this is fast wearing away, and now we are continually meeting with fresh proofs, that every animal may not only be tamed, but may be made a willing, useful, and attached servant to man. We nevertheless consider that the chase of the wolf is not only sanctioned, but imperatively called for, in every country where he maintains his dwelling as a *wild beast*.

Being once common with us also, it became absolutely necessary that the inhabitants around so prodigious a foe should be in active and continual warfare with him; nor is it to be wondered at that his utter extermination was attempted at an early period. On the continent of Europe this crafty marauder yet exists in most of its districts, and is probably tolerated in limited numbers for the sport he yields in the chase; neither would it be an easy matter in so extensive a distribution totally to dislodge him. In our country he was an early object of dread, and all possible means were taken for his extermination. The month, which corresponds with our January, was at

one period called by the Anglo-Saxons "Wolf-monat;" and the application of the term is thus explained by an old writer on British antiquities: "The moneth, which we now call January, they called Wolf-monat, to wit, Wolf-moneth, because people are wont always in that moneth to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season els of the year; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, those ravenous creatures could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon." The terror which wolves naturally inspired amongst the scattered inhabitants of the half-cultivated lands of England was increased by their habitual superstitions. The same author, in his chapter on the *Antiquities and Propriety of the Ancient English Tongue*, says, *Were-wolf*: this name remaineth still known in the Teutonic, and is as much to say as man-wolf, the Greek expressing the very like in *lycanthropos*. The *were-wolfs* are certain sorcerers who, having anointed their bodies with an ointment which they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting a certain enchanted girdle, do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their own thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they wear the said girdle; and they do dispose themselves as very wolves in worrying and killing, and waste of humane creatures." A very interesting remark from the same source states, that it is to the terror which the wolf inspired among our forefathers, that "We are to ascribe the fact of kings and rulers, in a barbarous age, feeling proud of bearing the name of this animal, as an attribute of courage and ferocity. Brute power was then considered the highest distinction of man; and the sentiment was not mitigated by those refinements of modern life which conceal, but do not destroy it. We thus find, amongst our Anglo-Saxon kings and great men, *Æthel-wulf*, the noble wolf; *Berthwulf*, the illustrious wolf; *Eadwulf*, the prosperous wolf; *Rædwulf*, the old wolf.

The *wolfs of Yorkshires*, which are a corruption of the word "wilde," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries of Flixton, Hackston, and Folkston, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the "ears" below, among the rushes, furze, and hogs, and in the night time to come up from their dens; and, unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds were indefatigably vigilant, great numbers were sure to be destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have the opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, and of course commit much unnecessary carnage. Having so lately described the practice of wolf hunting in other European countries, from which those of England did not materially

differ, regard being had to the corresponding periods of time, we shall not trespass on the reader's patience by any further *wolfish* detail. — *Encyclopedia of Rural Sports.*

New Books.

Alciphron: a Poem, by Thomas Moore.
[Macrone.]

[THIS is a poem which Mirraim himself, grey-bearded progenitor of the Egyptians, would, having ears to hear, been delighted to have heard, setting forth, as it does, the splendid marvels of his country: nor would he have been less gratified to have seen the four famous illustrations which the magical imagination of Turner has created. The poem thus entitled is bound up with the fascinating "Tale of the Epicurean;" and it is indeed scarcely more than a *résumé* of the latter, or its choicest imaginations resolved into verse. The plot of both is identically the same. It is simply that of a young Epicurean, whose mind is ever intent on discovering the secret of immortality: he imagines that this secret may exist in the shape of amulet or elixir, within the cavernous depths of the great pyramid. He ventures into it, threads the labyrinth, and is obliged to undergo the purifying terrors of Fire, Air, and Water, before he can arrive at bliss. All these are machinations, however, put in action by a subtle priesthood to entrap the youth, as is seen on perusal. Singularly sweet are the sonnettes at times, at others grand and imposing; the verses are musical as the timber of Mirraim.]

A Sleeping Picture.

See that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful eye
Holds back the radiant day descending.
Would else o'er-midnight all the page,

The Shadow of a Sad Thought.

Yet have I felt, when e'er's most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or why—
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we're time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimmed with bliss,
And capable as flesh may need
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity

"When I consider Thy Humour."

Still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and latent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, how wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,

'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon—like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels—shone.
"Oh that from yonder orbs," I thought,
"Pure and eternal as they are,
There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star,
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As lies before these comet-fires,
That seem and burn throughout all time."

The Land of Egypt.

And where—oh where's the heart that could with-
stand
Th' unnumbered witcheries of this sun-burnt land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurled,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks!—the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now seat forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with out-stretch'd limbs, hath grandly
spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue as heaven's as ever blue'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

A Lake Picture.

Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich bark—fresh from those sunny
tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide, with their precious loading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Marco, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

The Daughters of Egypt.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells
Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays—
Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like
shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers—
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imagin'd forth, even at the touch of him
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!

Solemnity of the Pyramids.

And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world—when first
The eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight—standing sublime
Twixt earth and heaven, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!
There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that cycled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said
"Are things eternal only for the Dead?"

• Apollo.

Is there for Man no hope—but this, which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs!
But 'tis not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He may become immortal."

The Moon.

Her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes.

(To be continued.)

V. 340.

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans.
By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols.
8vo. [Colburn.]

[We like the motive of these Volumes—that of one woman advancing for the praiseworthy purpose of vindicating, by the testimony of sound facts, the character of another of her sex, whom calumnious tongues have somewhat slanderously misused. And the attempt, too, is every-way successful: scarce a page which does not, by direct fact, redound to the credit of the Duchess. We trace her from her "low estate," through her abject histrionic commencement and subsequent career, till wealth inexhaustible surrounds her, and her brow lends lustre to a coronet. Though her temper may have been sometimes over-ardent, yet this was the effect of a too vivid nature. Her heart appears to have bloomed with all the Christianly virtues of love, and goodness, and tender charities: and the fair Authoress of the book, by her just appreciation of these, thereby gives us the best proof of her own amiability and candour. The style is pleasing and agreeably smooth, and from the number of its pleasantly told instances and anecdotes, we hasten to deduce a few of the most delightful for the reader.]

Miss Mellon's Flower-Garden.

Miss Mellon had from her childhood the greatest possible love of flowers. In early days, at every cottage where they lodged, while on the country circuit of theatres, there was some little scrap of earth called "Harriot's garden," and if the flowers failed to flourish there, it did not arise from their not being planted thick enough. Every one gave "the pretty player child" a plant; and she stuck them all into the two foot square, of which she was temporary owner, until holly-hocks jostled sunflowers to death, and sweet-peas strangled mignonettes.

Reminiscence of her Birth.

The duchess had a singular reminiscence of her childhood. While too young to walk a great distance, she remembered being carried in the evening to a large mansion which had a quantity of lights in its great hall and wide staircase; and from a bright room there came forth an old lady in a satin mantle,—the unknown texture of which delighted the child while carried in the ladies arms. An old gentleman came in and likewise fondled her, letting her play with what she considered the "great button" on his coat, but which theatrical tinsel afterwards taught her was a star.

After much feasting and wonder, she was carried home again a long way. She was taken there a second time, and the sharp little child knew her way through the house, and ran from her mother to the room of the "satin lady" and the "star gentleman." "I never saw them afterwards," continued the duchess; "but since my mother's death, when I went as Mrs. Coutts to visit at * * * Castle for the first time, I knew the great staircase up which I had been carried more than forty years previously, and I found my way unguided to the drawing-room!"

Her mother was constantly in the habit of boasting of her great descent, to which her daughter laughingly replied, "I dare say, dear mother, I am a princess in disguise; but I am so well disguised that the king, my father, will have immense trouble to find me out!"

[The cruelty of Mrs. Entwisle, her mother, towards her was abominable; the following is one instance out of many:—]

"When about four years old, and as full of fun as possible, she was sent to a day-school of little creatures like herself, kept by an aged dame, whom they denominated their "granny." Harriot was always playing tricks on her school-fellows, hiding their bonnets, cloaks, satchels, &c.; and one of them in retaliation played on her a trick which had nearly produced fatal consequences. A little girl's primer was missing when she wanted to say her letters from it—(it afterwards appeared that one of the scholars, by her own confession, had, in jest, put it into Harriot Mellon's school-bag to cause trouble.) The "granny" ordered a general examination of property; and at the top of Harriot's bag was the unlucky primer discovered. In vain the poor child protested, she was sent home to her mother with the extra accusation of falsehood joined to the petty larceny. Mrs. Entwisle was engaged in making up some clothes, and being too busy to leave off, she told the children they might go back and inform the "granny" that Harriot should be *properly punished before long*. The busy little fry dropt their curtsies and set off, rather frightened at Mrs. Entwisle's flashing eyes, which seemed capable of scorching the work she was finishing. Having finished, she folded up as calmly as if nothing were to ensue. She then took Harriot in her arms, without question, or allowing her to speak, to the court-yard, and placed her under a pump: here she held the child, and inundated her with water, keeping it pouring over her long after she had become through terror insensible. In this state she threw the child into a dark shed. So long a period elapsed without Harriot's voice being heard, that the passionate woman became alarmed for the results of her anger, and opened the door of the shed: there, in a heap on the ground, lay the little creature, insensible, her clothes streaming, and her face the hue of death. The child was undressed by some humane persons, placed in a warm

bed, and after some time recovered. But it was some time before poor Harriot was well enough to re-visit school, and when she did, no more tricks were played upon her."

Her Spirit at Ulverstone School.

At Ulverstone there seems to have existed a very strong and precocious notion of the "rights of woman;" for at the little girls' schools there, it was customary to "bar out for a holiday," a practice confined to boys' schools elsewhere.

Harriot Mellon, though sometimes backward in her lessons, never could be reproached for neglecting a holiday. She was a frequent ringleader in these insurrections, collecting all the girls, (most of them older than herself,) and dragging tables and forms against the door which she had locked; then, speaking through the key-hole, she would demand a holiday, with immunity from punishment for the whole band. And such was the lax discipline of those days, that these little atoms dictated to their instructors on the two points, and always succeeded.

Her first Theatricals.

One great source of Harriot Mellon's influence over her fellow-pupils was, the wonderful fact that she had actually been a performer in a play with Manager Bibby's actors. The character, to be sure, was not a very arduous one, being that of one of four little mourners ranged round Juliet's bier. But then, as the smallest and prettiest of the little girls, she was placed in front nearest to the lamps, in her white frock with its broad black sash, and was consequently the prima donna of the juvenile mutes.

Under Manager Bibby, she first appeared in "The Spoiled Child," and was announced as "Little Pickle . . . Miss MELLON, (her first appearance.)" She was so well known and popular amongst the inhabitants of the town, that there was an exceedingly good attendance. The landlord made her a kite rather taller than herself; his mother made her the smartest of all laurel-green tunics; and, with her sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks, and profuse black ringlets under a fancy riding cap, she was as pretty a Little Pickle as ever played at marbles. Manager Bibby was so satisfied that he gave the *débütante* ten shillings.

Her Preparations.

Under the same Manager, she next played "Priscilla Tomboy," in the Romp. On the eventful afternoon she was early dressed, and she went to the actors, seeking commendations of her appearance. But, alas, they all discovered that she looked too childish! exclaiming, "Oh, Harri, what a baby you look!"

Mrs. Entwisle, however, procured a quantity of black wool, which she fashioned into a huge tête; over this she drew Harriot Mellon's long hair, pomatumed and powdered until the edifice on her head gave her an

addition of four inches in height, and of five years in appearance. The pomatum was of the most primitive kind, consisting of the candle-ends that fell to their weekly share, melted at the fire, which also roasted poor Harriot's cheeks with primitive rouge. In order to give breadth to correspond with the additional height, a quilted pink valance petticoat, which could stand by itself, was added. She was now considered rather too broad, therefore, an addition in height was again made by a pair of high-heeled shoes, in which she went nearly on as much tiptoe as an opera-dancer.

After these improvements, a second round of criticism pronounced her appearance charming; and although it is not easy to fancy Pricilla Tomboy executing her feats in high-heeled shoes, her success was complete.

Her first appearance at Drury Lane, in 1795.

Miss Mellon had never seen a theatre larger than the town-halls in which she had played during her provincial circuits; many of these did not exceed the dimensions of ordinary sitting-rooms; and the curtain just cleared from touching the actor's heads. What must have been her feelings on first treading the stage of "the wilderness," as Mrs. Siddons styled the enormous new Drury Lane, where the mere opening for the curtain was forty-three feet wide, and thirty-eight feet high, or nearly seven times the height of the performers! The diameter of the pit was fifty-five feet; the height of the ceiling fifty-seven feet; and there were seats altogether for 3,600 persons;—so that on a "crush night" upwards of 5,000 persons might have been squeezed into this enormous pile. Miss Mellon used to say that, notwithstanding her unusual height, she felt herself "a mere shrimp" when the curtain was raised and she saw the multitude of faces before her!

Her gay and contented Spirit.

Miss Farren's conduct was always unexceptionable, and after her marriage with the Earl of Derby they lived most happily together.

Miss Mellon was one evening standing near the green-room fire, and, while waiting for the play to begin, she was humming some popular dance, and just tracing the steps unconsciously. She was roused by the voice of Miss Farren, whispering, "You happy girl, I would give worlds to be like you!"

Poor Miss Mellon, recollecting her thirty-shilling salary, thought she was ridiculed by "a lady with thirty guineas a week, who was to marry a lord;" and she replied, with some slight vexation, that "there certainly must be a vast deal to be envied in her position, by one who commanded what she pleased!"

Pressing her hand kindly, Miss Farren's eyes became full of tears as she replied, "I cannot command such a *light heart* as prompted your little song!"

[We are precluded from drawing more largely from these copious sources this week, owing to the press of other important matter; but meantime the above will serve as a *some taste*, or anticipatory relish of what is to come.]

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The Sea Captain; or, the Birthright.

[Second Notice.]

[We resume the pleasurable task of culling a few more poetical "bits" from the above drama.]

The rejection of Norman's claims by his mother is thus told:]

Norman. Mother, mother!
I am thy son—thine Arthur—thine own child!

Do you deny your own?

Lady Arden. I have no son.

See Percy Ashdale!

Nor. Do not—do not hear her.

Those oversteering and all-right-que Judge!

Thou, who amidst the scrupulous hosts of heaven,

Doest take no holier name than that of "Father!"

Hush, hush! Behold these proofs—the dead of man-

riage!

The atoning oaths of them who witness'd, and

Of him who sanctified, thy nuptial vow!

Behold these letters!—see, the words are still

By yeaue unaltered!—to my sin, your lover!

Read how you loved him there. By all that love—

Yea, by himself, the wrong'd and murder'd one,

Who hears thee now above—by these, my mother,

Do not reject thy son!

[There is something "pleasantly sarcastic"

in the following lines: they are spoken by

Sir Maurice Bescor.]

Poverty is subject to aye, and to asthma, and to

cold rheuma, and catarrh, and to pains in the loins,

lumbago, and sciatica; and when Poverty begs,

the dogs bark at it; and when Poverty is ill, the doctors

mangle it; and when Poverty is dying, the priests

scold at it; and when Poverty is dead, nobody weeps

for it.

[The powers of filial affection, are thus finely

delicately:]

Lady Arden. Oh, could I speak—could I embrace

him—all

My heart would gush forth in one passionate burst,

And I should bid him stay; and Percy, Percy,

My love for thee has made me less than human!

Nor. She turns away—she will not bless the outcast!

She trembles with a fear that I should shame her!

Farewell—farewell for ever! Peace be with thee

Heaven soothe thy griefs, and make the happy see

Thou lovest so well the source of every sorrow.

For me, (since it will please thee so to do,) I

Think I am in my grave!—for never more,

Save in thy dreams, shalt thou behold me!—Mother,

For the last time I call thee so!—I—I

Cannot speak more—I—

[Rushes from the room.

Lady Arden. Arthur! O, my son!

Come back, come back, my son!—my blessed son!

[Falls by the threshold.

(To be continued.)

A Collection for Junior Classes. By Andrew Veitch. [Berwick: Melrose.]

THIS compendium is unexceptionably good; it consists of moral and religious pieces, in prose and verse; selections from natural history; descriptive and scientific quotations, &c. It is selected with care and judgment, and the subjects principally chosen are those which the young mind has been found invariably to read with delight.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

On the 12th of January, 1823, one of these spectacles was exhibited at the amphitheatre of Madrid, which is an immense building without the precincts of the capital, capable of accommodating twelve or fourteen thousand spectators. "Imagine an extensive circular arena, which is defended by a high and strong wooden partition, that runs all round, and has four gates at the four points of the compass. One of these is used for the entry of the master of the games, or director; another for the entry of the bulls; another for the egress of those bulls which are not killed; and the last for affording a passage to the horses which drag out the bulls that are slain. Between the wooden boundary of the arena, and that which encloses the lower gallery for the spectators, there is an open space that runs all round, in order that, if the bulls should at any time overlap the boundary, they may be driven back again to the arena through this space, one of the gates being opened. They are thus prevented from doing injury to the spectators. The lower gallery runs all round, sloping towards the arena, and, as well as the arena, is exposed to the open air. The second gallery, which is immediately over this, is covered by the boxes; and the boxes, which are very high, are protected from the sun and sudden rain by a narrow roof of tiles, which does not project beyond them. Fifty reals are paid for the use of a whole box, four for the second gallery, and two for the lower. At three o'clock the amphitheatre began to fill rapidly; and it was easy to perceive from the expectation painted in the countenance of the visitors, as they came in and seated themselves, that the bullfight is a favourite amusement. The director, dressed in the ancient Spanish style, with a short black mantle, a hat turned up at the sides, and on the left side a plume of white and red feathers, rode into the arena upon a handsome charger, and, after bowing to the alcaids, who presided, and sat in the box on the right of the king's, gave order for the entertainment to commence. Two horses immediately appeared in the arena, each laden with two riders, who were seated on a pad, back to back. The hindmost kept his place by holding in his left hand a cord attached to the pad, and in his right he carried a long wooden staff, pointed at the end, for the purpose of beating away the bull that was about to attack him. A bull was then let into the arena; the tip of whose horns were made harmless by being covered with lead. As soon as he saw the horsemen, he proceeded directly against one of them; and the combatants, being apparently new to the office, offering no effectual resistance, he butted his horns beneath the horse's tail, and overthrew both horse and riders. He then attacked the other with equal success; when the riders were unhorsed, the bull seemed content with

his victory, and this contest was continued for some time with alternate success, the bull, however, being most frequently the conqueror, to the great amusement of the spectators. A military band which attended having given a flourish of trumpets, this bull retired. Two skilful horsemen, handsomely dressed in white, red, and silk jackets, covered with gold lace, and in white hats, with a large round leaf and a low arched crown, entered. They carried also each a long staff, with an iron spike at the end of it. A bull was then let in, whose horns were in their natural condition; and as soon as he fixed his wild-looking eyes on the riders, he proceeded to attack one of them. These, however, being well exercised, fought him away generally; but the contest being attended with some danger, both to the horse and the rider, it excited strong interest. One of them was thrown to the ground, together with the horse; but happening to be near the partition of the arena, some of the spectators stretched over the partition to his assistance, and delivered him from the rage of the furious animal. When the horsemen had worried him in some degree, three or four pedestrians teased him a little in turn. They carried in one hand a scarf of yellow or red silk, and after approaching him, they ran towards the boundary with all speed, trailing the scarf behind; and if they were in danger of being overtaken, they let the scarf fall on the ground. The bull immediately stopped, and vented all his rage upon the scarf, as if under belief that it covered his adversary, while the fugitive had time to leap over the boundary. After this, the animal being pretty well fatigued, the same pedestrians, who were also handsomely dressed, armed themselves with strong iron darts, as it was the object of each to run upon the bull with agility, and, just as he was in the act of stooping his head to toss them, to fix two of these darts, one at each side of the back of his neck. Being boarded, it was with great difficulty the animal could get rid of them, and sometimes he was seen raging round the arena, his neck bristled with these torturing instruments. At length, when he was almost exhausted, an expert performer approached the animal, holding a red mantle before him in one hand, and with the other he thrust a long sword in beneath the shoulder. The bull now fell, and another attendant came with a knife, and, fixing it in the vital part of his head, put an end to his agonies. He was then dragged along the arena by the horses, and carried away. It appears strange that a polished people should be enamoured of spectacles where even their fellow-creatures are endangered.

The Gatherrr.

Paper was first Manufactured in this Country by John Spilman, or Spielman, a German, in the reign of Elizabeth, who granted him the subordinate manner of Port-

bridge,* or Bycknore, in Dartford, Kent, which had previously been an appendage to the priory. Here, on the site of a wheat and a malt-mill, he built a paper-mill for the making of writing-paper; and in the thirty-first of Elizabeth, who knighted him, and to whom he was jeweller, he obtained a license for the sole gathering, for ten years, of all rags, &c., necessary for the making of such paper. [Har. MSS., No. 2369, O. fol. 124.] He died in 1607, at the age of fifty-five: his effigy, with that of his lady, are in the chancel on the north side of Dartford church.

Test of Counterfeit Sovereigns.—Observe the milling round the edge. If the coin be genuine, the strokes will be found perfectly regular—if counterfeit, the irregularity of the milling, which is generally very obvious, will show the fraud.

Mr. Halliwell, in a note to his Introduction to Warkworth's Chronicle, makes mention of a miracle-play, of the fifteenth century, "The Burial of Christ, [MS. Bodl. 3692;] and says, he quotes "this MS. for the purpose of pointing out a curious miracle-play, which does not appear to have been hitherto known."

Suicides in Westminster: November.—The following account of the number of inquests, in cases of suicide, held by Messrs. Gell and Higge, the coroners for Westminster, from the year 1812 to 1831, inclusive, has been furnished by the latter gentleman, it having been compiled from official documents:—

In 1812...24	1817...17	1822...18	1827...26
1813...26	1818...18	1823...32	1828...32
1814...23	1819...26	1824...21	1829...30
1815...30	1820...19	1825...24	1830...28
1816...26	1821...20	1826...31	1831...28

Total, 489: which includes eight cases of *fole de se*. The number of men destroying themselves to women is nearly as three to one, as appears from the returns: there being three hundred and fifty-nine men to only one hundred and thirty women. From the Parliamentary Returns, it appears that the population of Westminster, in 1811, was 160,801; in 1821, 181,444; and, in 1831, 202,891.

The stone for building the New Houses of Parliament has been fixed upon: it is to be from the Steely quarries, a short distance from Worktop, on the estate recently purchased by the Duke of Newcastle.

The Sword of Bruce.—The sword which King Robert Bruce wielded at Bannockburn has, with his helmet, survived the entire family. Mrs. Catherine Bruce, the last of the royal house, died, 1791, at a very advanced age; only a short time before her death Burns called upon her, and, though she was almost speech-

* He is said to have brought over sea with him in his portmanteau, two *lime-trees*, a tree unseen before in these parts, and to have planted them here. *Hasted*, in his *Kent*, says, "they stood near the dwelling-house belonging to the powder-mills, and remained till within these few years, when they were cut down."

less from paralysis, she entertained him nobly, and conferred the honour of knighthood on him with the Bruce's two-handed sword, saying, she had a better right to grant the title than "some people." After dinner, the first toast she gave was "Awa', unsos!" that is, away with the strangers, which showed her Jacobite feelings to the House of Hanover. The old lady bequeathed the sword and helmet to the Earl of Elgin, whom she considered the next of kin. —*Times*.

About two months ago, while some drainers were employed at Loughy Loch, in the parish of Tarbolton, they came upon a canoe, buried eight feet below the surface of the earth. This interesting naval relic of ancient days is about sixteen feet in length, and three in breadth, and is formed after the most approved Indian fashion. It is constructed of the hardy mountain oak, is perfect in all parts, and is in a state of comparatively good preservation.

Cats and Rats at St. Catherine's Docks.—Cats are kept in the St. Catherine's Docks, London, to destroy the rats, which, previously to this mode of insurance, made havoc amongst the sugars deposited to a vast annual amount. The annual expense of this plan is 104*l*. The cat's-meat is bought by contract, and two men are allowed to attend and feed them. They are fed in the morning at six, and in the evening at nine o'clock.

Voltaire.—More than 10,000 strangers visit annually the country-house of Voltaire, at Ferney, near Geneva. It may be, therefore, supposed that the post of *cicerone* is productive to its owner. A Genevese, an excellent calculator, as are all his countrymen, has valued, as follows, the yearly profits that functionary derives from his situation:—

8,000 busts of Voltaire, made with earth of Ferney, one franc each	8,000
1,200 autograph letters, at 20 francs	24,000
500 walking-canes of Voltaire, at 50 francs	25,000
300 veritable wigs of Voltaire, at 100 francs	30,000
— <i>La Sicile</i> .	In all . 87,000.

India Rubber Gloves.—The Nottingham hosiery are at length paying some attention to this manufacture, as several houses have applied to the Leicester patentees upon the subject. They are infinitely superior, both in comfort and appearance, to the hosiery wetted gloves, whether made of cotton or silk. The India rubber web will wash, and keep its elasticity. It is made in pieces thirty-six yards long, and, being cut into proper lengths, is given out to the workmen to run upon the frame. —*Nottingham Journal*.

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